

The Happy Lovers Pastime:

Shewing how a Nymph and Shepherd vow'd to love,
As long as they had life and strength to move;
They count all pleasure else but a toy,
To that of Love, it is the life of joy:
They constant prove, in all things do agree,
To Lovers all I wish the like may be.
To a Pleasant new Tune, called: *On the Bank of a Brook.*



On the bank of a brook as I sat fishing,
Saw in the distance that green on the sod;
I overheard a Nymph and Shepherd talking,
No time may fortune their love might withhold;
As Cupid and Venus each offered a bow;
For to the end as they lov'd now.

Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd 'twas a pleasure,
To love concealed betwixt flowers alone;
Love must be secret, and like costly treasure,
When once discovered, 'twill quickly be gone.
No ring and jewels where they do lay,
Oh! too soon, alas, will make a decay.

Then let us leave the world and care behind us,
Into the daisy smiling, and gabe me his hand;
All alone, all alone, where none can find us,
In some far distant time I seek a firm stand
And there like scorn my and jealousie feed;
And a whole world to each other we'll be.

My rose the Shepherd, and said that a blessing,
More sweet no labor could ever enjoy,
Where I beguiling, that words then expressing,
Would fetch me to life, and from deathing.
Say, a do but a kiss, and give me such bliss,
I will never take such a sweet sleep.

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The Second Part, To the same Tune.



Then said the Symph, If they have so enamored, faire nymph, saye the youth, thou dost not offend me
what would those be which I do conseral, you banish my grief, and please my wish,
They would far exceed what hath been yet named, He venture my life in sight to defend thee,
but hath not power them yet to reueal, and think I'm happy such honour to find,
For when I do think for to utter them plain, And if euer I prove dishonour to thee,
They back from my tongue do soon slip again. Blind Cupid I wissh to last like me.

But shepherd He tell thee how long I've lov'd thee, But my deat do not ther once fear me;
and where thou at first didst kindle my flame, for I adore all thy beauties abine,
'Twas in the month of May that you first mov'd And that for the true love I do now have thee;
but with what charms I need not to name, me, I'd make thee a Dutchess were power but mine,
And 'twas nere a flibber that run by a Gipsy, But since that such honour I cannot bestow,
You tryed to taste the pleasure of Love. He gibe you such gifts you never did know.

But under a shady Tree Cupid did wound me, Now on thy Rosie lips I've gibe thee sweet kisses;
and in my kind heart he fixed his Dart. (me, whilst my arms shall most loving embrace;
But oh! the time was too short when he crown'd thee, (thou art disposed to have thy sweet wish;
I wish'd that sweet minute might never depart, then let us depart to some other place,
And I long to be crown'd with the pleasure again, Then say the fair Symph, let us back to a Gipsy,
For all our long wishes to that is but vain. And there we'll enjoy the pleasure of Love.

When I hope I shan't gain'd the displeasure, So then they kissed and embraced each other,
for what my kind tongue hath utter'd now, but they resolv'd there no longer to part;
My wish, saying late that I was without need, They wish'd no more to part their joy to part;
making me happy to the words of my love, (live, and long this as they pass on their way,
But think what two persons I lov'd when and her My dear let us join both together and cry,
Which to love ever of when we begin. (now, Which can love the most my dearest be I.